Sent backe like Hollowmas or ſhortſt of day.
Queene And muſt we be diuided? muſt we part?
King I hand from hand(my loue) and heart from heart.
Queene Baniſh vs both,and ſend the King with me.
King That were ſome loue,but little pollicie.
Queene Then whither he goes, thither let me go.
King So two togither weeping make one woe,
Weepe thou for me in Fraunce, I for thee heere,
Better far off than neere be nere the neare,
Go count thy way with ſighes,I mine with groanes.
Queene So longeſt way ſhall haue the longeſt moanes.
King Twiſe for one ſtep Ile grone the way being ſhort
And peece the way out with a heauy heart.
Come come in wooing ſorrow lets be briefe,
Since wedding it,there is ſuch length in griefe;
One kiſſe ſhall ſtop our mouths, and dumbly part,
Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart.
Queene Giue me mine owne againe,twere no good part
To take on me to keepe,and kill thy heart:
So now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,
That I may ſtriue to kill it with a groane.
King We make woe wanton with this fond delay,
Once more adue, the reſt let ſorrow ſay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke of Yorke and the Dutcheſſe.

Du. My Lord,you told me you would tell the reſt,
When weeping made you breake the ſtorie of
Of our two couſins comming into London.
Yorke Where did I leaue?
Du. At that ſad ſtop my Lord,
Where rude miſgouerned hands from windowes tops.
Threw duſt and rubbiſh on king Richards head.
Yorke Then (as I ſaid) the Duke great Bullingbrooke
Mounted vpon a hote and fierie ſteede,
Which his aſpiring rider ſeemd to know,
With ſlow,but ſtately paſe kept on his courſe.
Whilſt all tongues cried,God ſaue the Bullingbrooke,
You would haue thought the very windows ſpake:
So many greedy lookes of yong and old Through

Through caſements darted their deſiring eies
Vpon his viſage, and that all the walles
With painted imagery had ſaid at once,
Ieſu preſerue the welcome Bullingbrooke,
Whilſt he from the one ſide to the other turning
Bare-headed, lower than his prowd ſteedes necke
Beſpake them thus; I thanke you countrymen:
And thus ſtill doing,thus he paſſt along.
Du. Alac poore Richard, where rode he the whilſt?
Yorke As in a Theater the eies of men,
After a well-graced Actor leaues the ſtage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Euen ſo, or with much more contempt mens eies
Did ſcowle on gentle Ric. no man cried, God ſaue him,
No ioyfull tongue gaue him his welcome home;
But duſt was throwen vpon his ſacred head:
Which with ſuch gentle ſorrow he ſhooke off,
His face ſtill combating with teares and ſmiles,
The badges of his griefe and patience,
That had not God for ſome ſtrong purpoſe ſteeld
The hearts of men, they muſt perforce haue melted,
And Barbariſme it ſelfe haue pitied him:
But heauen hath a hand in theſe euents,
To whoſe high will we bound our calme contents.
To Bullingbrooke are we ſworne ſubiects now,
Whoſe ſtate and honour I for ay allow.
Du. Here comes my ſonne Aumerle.
Yorke Aumerle that was,
But that is loſt, for being Richards friend:
And Madam, you muſt call him Rutland now:
I am in parleament pledge for his truth
And laſting fealtie to the new made king.
Du. Welcome my ſonne, who are the violets now
That ſtrew the greene lap of the new come ſpring.
Au. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not.
God knowes I had as leife be none as one.

Yo